LN
CHILLING TALES OF HORROR
NOV.
No. 6
BEWARE
BEWARE
10¢
IT'S TIM! HE WON'T STAY BURIED!
I TOLD YOU WE'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH MURDER!
Beware: "The THING FROM BEYOND"

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THE THING FROM BEYOND

HUGO WANTED ONLY POPULARITY BUT IT WASN'T EASY TO FIND...ESPECIALLY WHEN HE HAD KILLED FOUR PEOPLE TO GET WHAT HE WANTED! HORROR WAITED FOR HIM OUT THERE...OUT THERE IN THE SWAMP...A CREATURE EXISTING ONLY FOR REVENGE...THE THING HE HAD TRIED TO FORGET...

Myron Fass

HUGO, THE GRAVEYARD CARETAKER HAD ONLY ONE AMBITION...TO BE LOVED! BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF WANTING VIRGINIA BARTON, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SWEETHEART OF CARL...

PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM, CARL...HE DIDN'T OFFEND ME!

THIS WILL TEACH HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM YOU!

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I-I WON'T GO NEAR HER ANYMORE! I-I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I MAKE YOUR FACE EVEN UGLIER THAN IT IS!

I'LL FIX YOU CARL! I'LL FIX YOU GOOD!

GO BACK TO YOUR ROTTEN CORPSES, CARETAKER. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT HERE AT THE FESTIVAL! DANCING IS NOT FOR WRETCHED CREATURES LIKE YOU!

SO HUGO VANISHED INTO THE FOREST...ONLY TO RE-EMERGE A FEW DAYS LATER AS SHOPKEEPER OF A SMALL DRY-GOODS STORE IN TOWN...

IT COST MY LIFE SAVINGS...BUT IT'S WORTH IT! UGLY OR NOT...THE TOWNFOLK WILL RESPECT PROSPERITY! THEY WILL FORGET I WAS EVER A GRAVEYARD CARETAKER!

HUGO'S DESIRE TO PROSPER PROVED TOO TRYING WITH THE LADIES OF THE TOWN! IN FACT, THEY TOLD HIM SO!

YOU'RE A CHEAT AND A CROOK! OUTRAGEOUS PRICES! THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL BUY HERE!

HAVING TROUBLE, HUGO?

DRY GOODS

IF THAT NOSEY VICTOR DOESN'T ATTEND TO HIS OWN AFFAIRS, I'LL MAKE HIM WISH HE NEVER LAUGHT AT ME!

I'M LEAVING! I'LL BUY ACROSS THE STREET... WHERE PRICES ARE REASONABLE!

TOUGH LUCK, HUGO OLD MAN! BUT BUSINESS BRAINS AREN'T ACQUIRED OVERNIGHT! HA! HA!

WAIT, MADAM... PLEASE...!

DRY

FORCED INTO BANKRUPTCY THROUGH HIS OWN GREEDY AMBITIONS, HUGO WENT TO SEE FOSTER, THE TOWN'S BANKER...

WHAT? YOU WON'T LEND ME A CENT? I'LL PAY YOU BACK WITH DOUBLE THE INTEREST, I TELL YOU! I'LL DO **ANYTHING**! YOU HAVE NO HEART!

I'M SORRY, HUGO... BUT YOUR CREDIT NEEDS MUCH TO BE DESIRED! GOOD DAY!

CURSE THIS UGLY FACE! CURSE THIS FATE! BUT I'LL MAKE THEM ALL PAY ...YES! CARL... VICTOR... FOSTER! THEY'LL **ALL** PAY!

SO HUGO WITHDREW INTO HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD ...A WORLD SILENT AND SOMBER...THE WORLD OF THE DEAD...

THAT'S ALL I'M GOOD FOR... THE GRAVEYARD! I-I'LL BE A CARETAKER FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS! A-A NOBODY!

BUT HUGO TRIED ONE MORE ALTERNATIVE...ONE MORE CHANCE AT ESCAPING HIS FATE...
REMEMBER HUGO...I CAN'T GUARANTEE YOU SUCCESS! THIS FACIAL OPERATION MAY LEAVE YOU EVEN MORE HORRIBLY DEFORMED!
SPARE ME SERMONS DR. TOLLENS! JUST FINISH IT!
AND ONE MONTH LATER, BACK AT DOCTOR TOLLENS' OFFICE...
NOW IS THE TIME, DOCTOR! AT LAST I'LL BE ACCEPTED AS A HUMAN BEING! AT LAST THIS FACE OF MINE WILL BE NORMAL!
AIIIIIEEEE!
SO HUGO RAN OUT INTO THE NIGHT...DOOMED FOREVER TO BRUTAL REALITY!
MY FACE! YOU'VE RUINED MY FACE! I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE ON YOU! ALL OF YOU!
WAIT, HUGO! STOP!
FOUR PEOPLE HUGO HATED ABOVE ALL...AND THE FIRST WOULD SOON DIE! CARL HAD STRONG HANDS! ...HANDS HUGO HAD PLANNED SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL FOR...
YOUNG FARMER WITH STRONG HANDS, CARL! THAT'S IT! CLIMB ON YOUR THRESHING MACHINE! TOUCH THE GEARS, CARL! TOUCH THEM!
A-A-A-A-GHH! MY HANDS! MY HANDS! HELP ME! I'LL DIE!
YES, CARL! YOU'LL DIE! NOTHING WILL STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD FROM THOSE SEVERED HANDS. WE'RE ALL ALONE, CARL.... JUST YOU AND I!
PLEASE...SAVE ME! I-I'M DYING! I CAN'T STAND THIS HORRIBLE PAIN!
THAT'S IT, CARL! BEG ME! HA! HA! I'M NOT THE HELPLESS LITTLE HUNCHBACK ANYMORE, AM I? BEG ME, CARL! BEG ME! ...AND DIE!

STEP ONE IN HUGO'S GRISLY PLAN!..A COFFIN LAID AT HIS FEET AND A HATED ENEMY ELIMINATED!

I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU, CARL! BUT YOU'LL SOON HAVE COMPANY! YOUR HANDS NEED BRAINS TO GUIDE THEM--- BUSINESS BRAINS!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AS VICTOR WENT TO WORK ONE MORNING...

YOU'RE HERE LIKE CLOCKWORK, VICTOR! SO PROMPT AND SO DEPENDABLE! YOU'RE KNOWN TO CROSS THIS HIGH BRIDGE EVERY DAY BACK AND FORTH FROM WORK. YES, VICTOR! YOU HAVE BRAINS!

YOU'RE OUT-OF-BUSINESS, VICTOR! HOW DOES IT FEEL!

YA-A-A-

YA-A-A-A-HAH!

STEP TWO...AND HUGO REJOICED..

WELCOME, VICTOR! MAKE FRIENDS WITH CARL AND BE CONTENT UNTIL I BRING YOU A THIRD ACQUAINTANCE!.... OUR GOOD FRIEND MR. FOSTER!

SO BANKER FOSTER HAD A VISITOR A FEW NIGHT LATER...

HA! HA! YOUR TIME HAS COME, FOSTER!

WHO'S... THAT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOUR LIFE, FOSTER! YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!

A-RR-GHGH! MY HEART! ...OHH. H.H ..MY HEART!

STEP THREE AND HUGO WAS OVERJOYED...

A BAD HEART IS **NEVER** AN ASSET, FOSTER! HOW WILL ANYONE EVER THINK IT WAS **MURDER**? HOW INDEED... WHEN YOU DIED OF A FRIGHTENED HEART? HA! HA!

AND THREE WEEKS AFTERWARDS IN THE LABORATORY, DR. TOLLENS..

SEEMS THAT MY WORK IS NEVER FINISHED! I'M SO TIRED TONIGHT. MAYBE A GLASS OF WINE WOULD HELP!

AH! THESE LATE HOURS MAKES A MAN DISLIKE EVEN THE WINE! SUCH A BITTER TASTE! WELL... BACK ... TO... WO...

ARRR-R-R RRGHH...!!

HA, HA,... YOUR EYES SHOULD HAVE NOTICED THE SWITCH, DOCTOR! NOW YOU'LL **NEVER** SEE AGAIN!

FOUR DEATHS WITHIN A MONTH... AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE MUTTERED. BUT HUGO'S PLAN WAS AIR-TIGHT! AND HUGO WAS SMUG....

WHAT A SHAME FOR SUCH GOOD MEN TO DIE! IT'S TERRIBLE, SIMPLY TERRIBLE!

YES... TERRIBLE!

NOW HE FACED HIS FOUR ENEMIES ONCE AGAIN... THE STRONG YOUNG MAN, THE BUSINESS RIVAL, THE BANKER THE DOCTOR... FOUR BODIES SO SILENT AND COOPERATIVE AT LAST..

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE DEAD, GENTLEMEN? WHERE ARE YOUR POWERFUL HANDS, CARL? WHERE IS YOUR BRAIN, VICTOR? YOUR HEART, FOSTER? YOUR EYES, DOCTOR?

WHAT-YOU DON'T ANSWER? NO MATTER! I'LL TELL YOU! THEY'RE **HERE**, GENTLEMEN! HERE IN THIS COMPOSITE OF **ALL** YOUR BODIES! HERE WHERE I CAN MAKE USE OF THEM!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HUGO GOT HIS HORRIBLE REVENGE. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE BEAT, KICKED, GOUGED MAULED, TORTURED THAT ROTTEN GIANT CORPSE UNTIL IT BLOATED BEYOND ALL HUMAN SHAPE...

SO HUGO PLAYED HIS LITTLE GAME OF REVENGE UNTIL HE HAD ENOUGH! THEN ONE NIGHT AT THE SWAMP, NEAR THE EDGE OF THE GRAVEYARD..

BUT HAD HUGO TURNED AROUND, HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY... FOR RISING OUT OF THE PUTRID SLIME, CAME...

CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT

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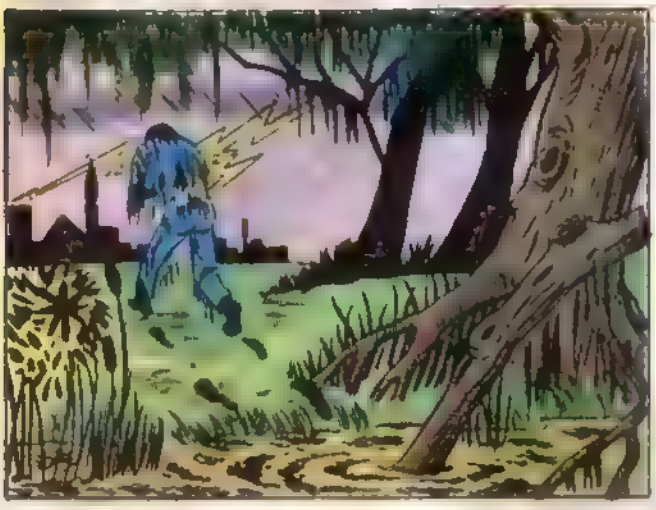
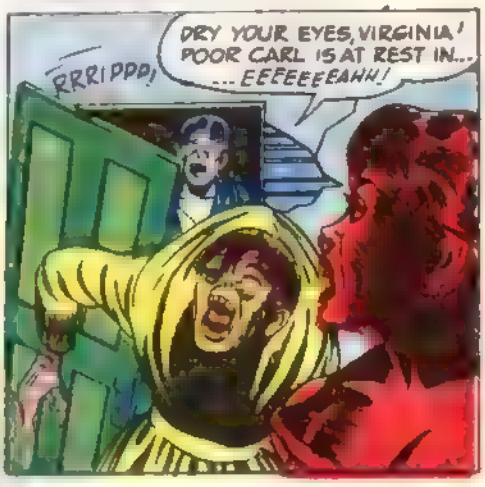
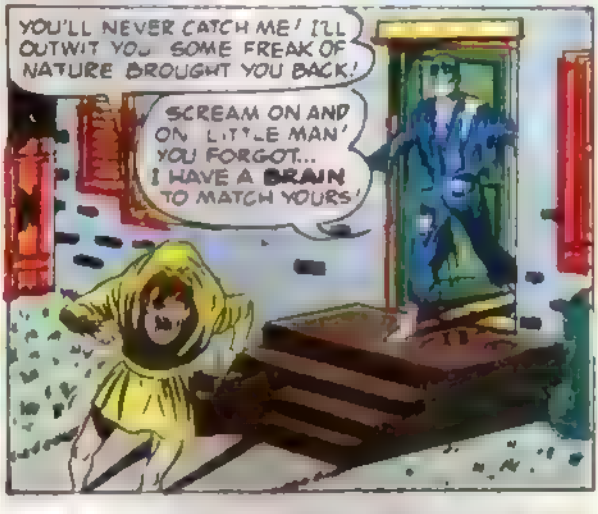
THE THING STOOD UNDECIDED ONLY FOR A MOMENT... AND THEN IT LUMBERED PONDEROUSLY TOWARDS TOWN... TOWARDS THE MAN IT HAD LEARNED TO HATE

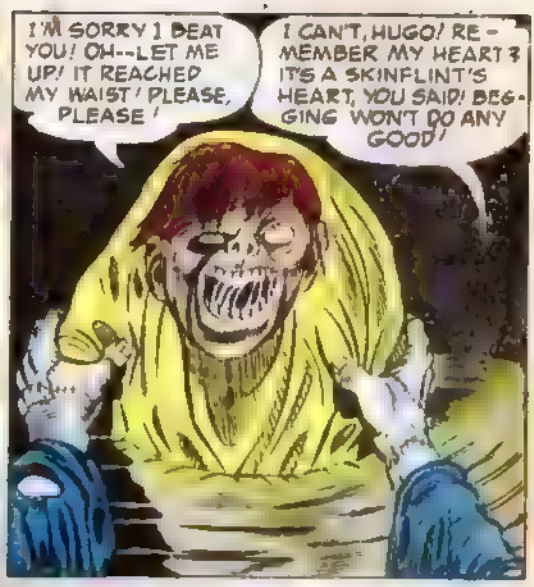


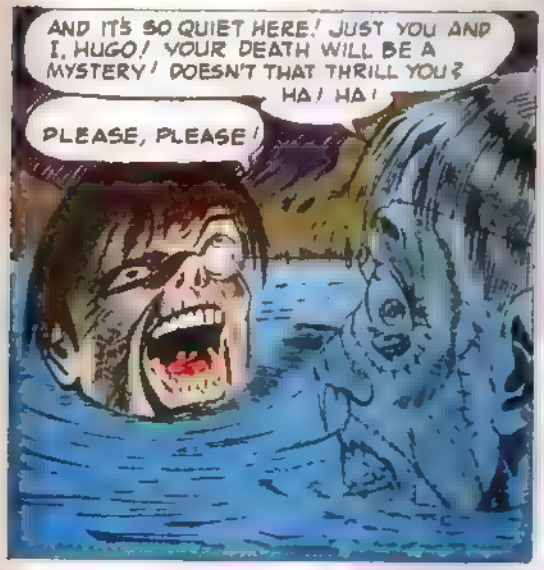
SILENTLY, STEALTHILY IT STALKED... AND THEN IT RIPPED OPEN THE DOOR WHERE HUGO WAS! TOWARDS HUGO AND TOWARDS SWEET REVENGE...

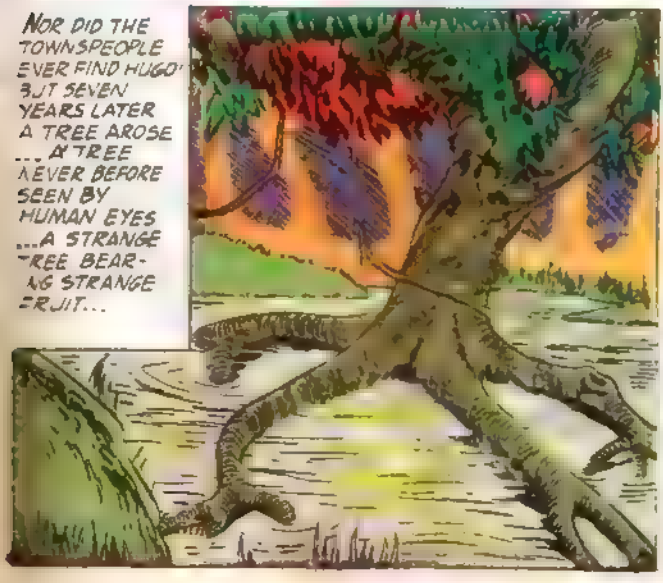


BUT HUGO DIDN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT! HE RAN OUT... HE RAN FOR HIS LIFE...



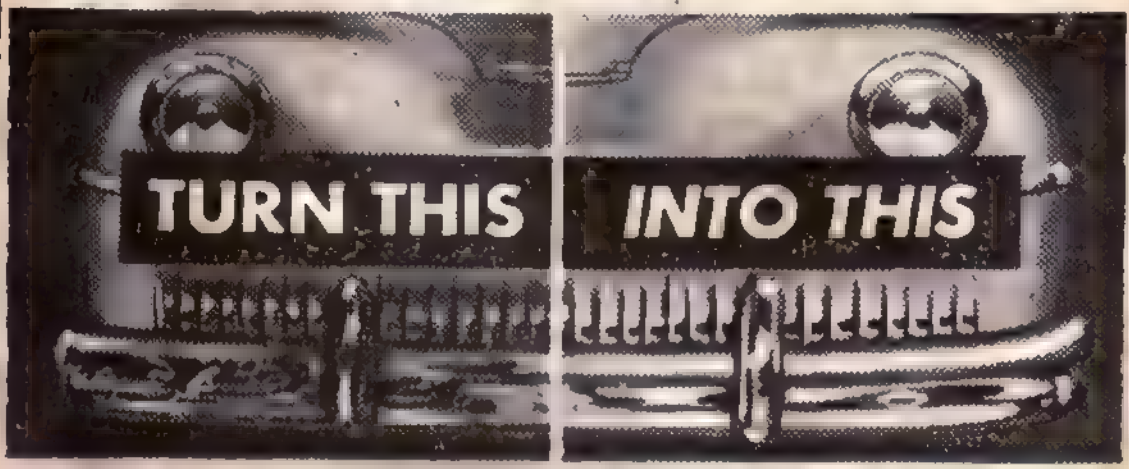






..TINY HANDS EYES BRAINS AND ONE VERY RARE BLACK, BLACK HEART.. FINAL MOCKING TRIBUTE TO HUGO THE CARETAKER... WHOSE FINAL RESTING-PLACE PRODUCED THIS MALEVOLENT MONSTROSITY.. END

AT LAST! A CHROME RESTORER THAT WORKS!



Amazing new 2-way chrome protector wipes away rust —pits—corrosion—in just 2 minutes! Stops rust from forming! Keeps chrome mirror-bright!

Now keep your bumpers, grillwork, window-frames, all chrome on your car sparkling bright as the day you bought it! Keep it rust-free for life! No matter how badly pitted or scarred, this sensational new 2-Way Chrome Protector wipes it Mirror-Bright, prevents new rust and corrosion from forming!

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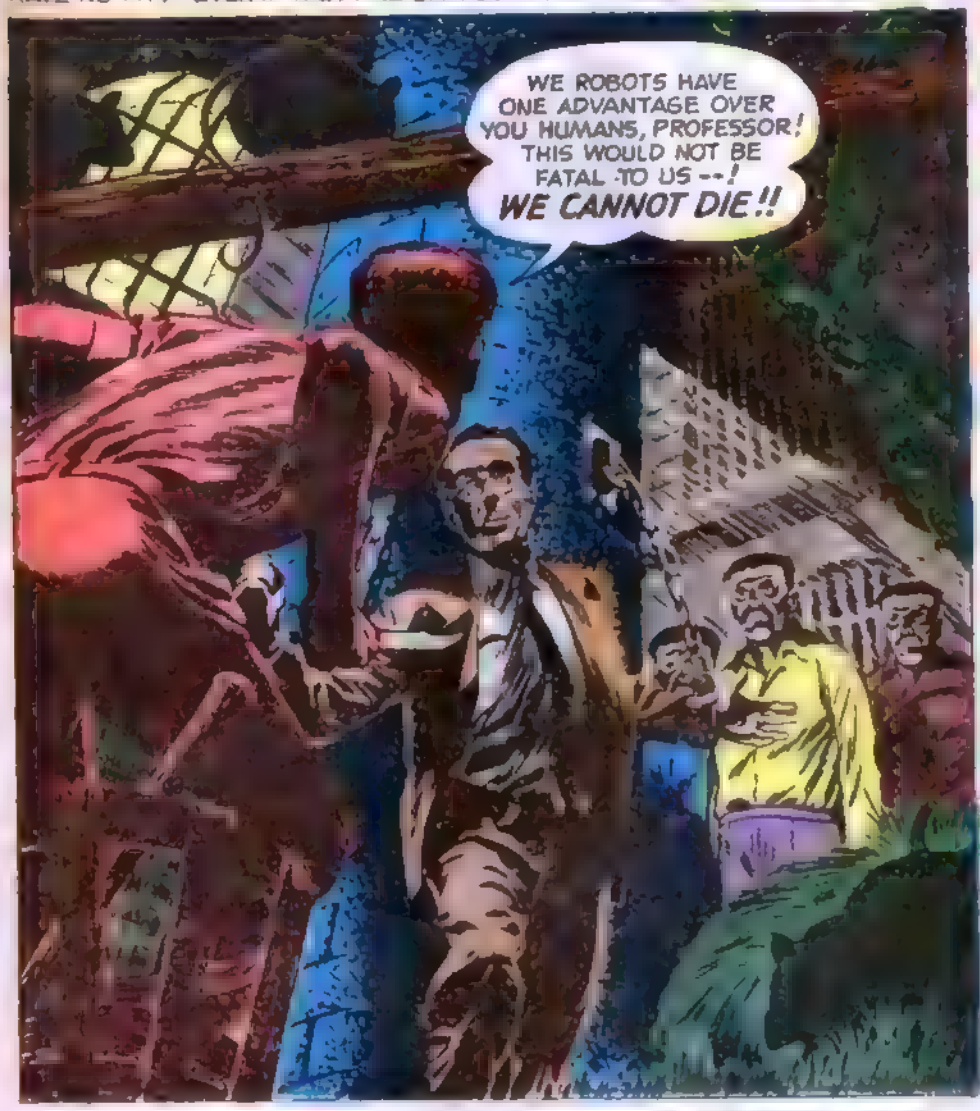
ALMOST HUMAN

IN THE GLOOMY DUNGEON OF THE DECAYING CASTLE PROFESSOR REID FOUND THEM, THE LURID MONSTERS OF THEIR CREATOR'S NIGHTMARE MIND! THEY WERE ROBOTS AND THEY HAD GAINED POWER, BUT SOUGHT STILL MORE! HE ALONE KNEW THEIR DARK SECRET AND BEGGED FOR PITY, BUT PLASTIC AND METAL HAVE NO PITY EVEN IF THEY ARE SHAPED INTO A FORM THAT SEEMS

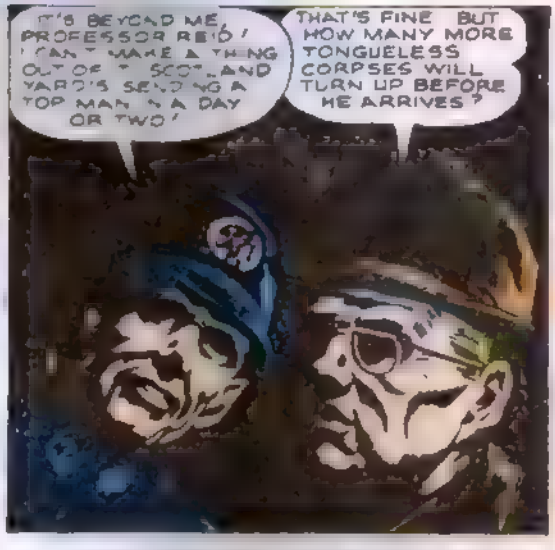


THE VILLAGE OF MOORLANDS AWAKES ONE DAY AND AS UGUAL ENGLISH MORNING FOG LIFTS, SUDDENLY THEY GAPE AT THE CONTORTED FACE OF A COLD CORPSE.

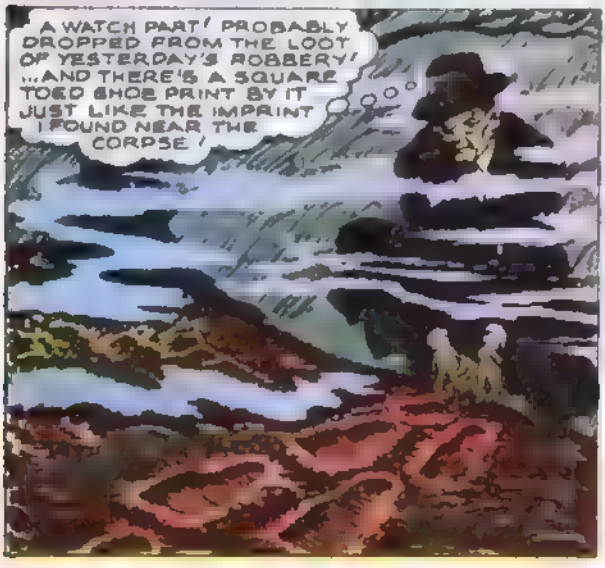
BUT NO ONE CAN COME TO ANY CONCLUSION ABOUT THE FOUL MURDER! TWO NIGHTS LATER ANOTHER TONGUELESS CORPSE IS FOUND, AND ON A THIRD NIGHT

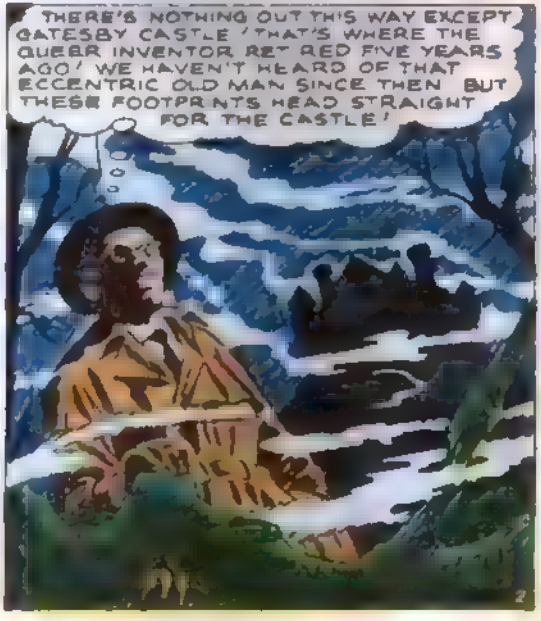
MINUTES LATER, FOOTSTEPS ECHO DOWN THE DARK STREET AS POLICEMEN RUN UP

THE DAY OF CHILLING PUZZLEMENT ENDS WITH ANOTHER SINISTER DISCOVERY



PROFESSOR REID, THE NOTED ANTHROPOLOGIST, FINDS A FOOTPRINT BY THE CORPSE AFTER THE POLICEMAN LEAVES AND FOLLOWS IT





ACROSS THE ROTTING DRAW BRIDGE, REID WALKS, AS MANGY RATS SCURRY FROM THEIR DISTURBED HIDING PLACES

IT ALMOST LOOKS ABANDONED / NO WONDER WE'VE NOT HEARD OF THE QUEER BLOKE WHO SET UP HOUSE HERE, HE'S PROBABLY DEAD!

WITH A MOURNFUL CREAK, THE HUGE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING A SCENE OF UTTER DESOLATION AND MACABRE DECAY

NO ONE COULD LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS AND REMAIN SANE VERY LONG!

SUDDENLY, HIS EYES FOCUS IN TERROR ON A PILE OF DISMEMBERED HUMAN LIMBS

A-ARMS... LEGS... WHAT SORT OF FANTASTIC BUTCHERY HAS BEEN TAKING PLACE HERE?!

WHEN YOU LOOK CLOSE YOU'LL NOTICE THOSE ARE **NOT** HUMAN LIMBS!

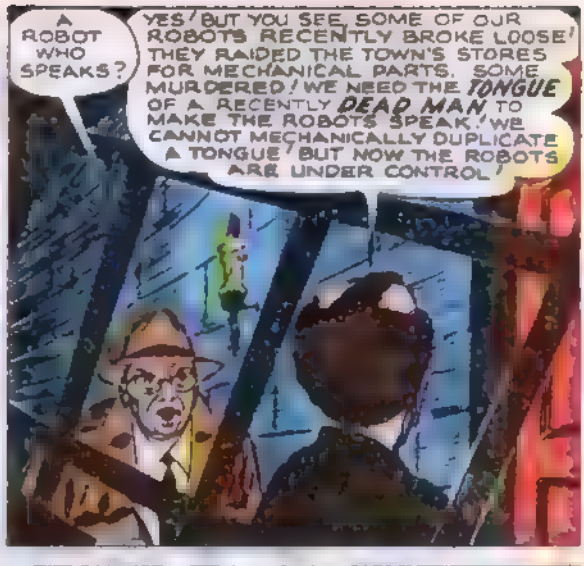
WHO ARE YOU?

JONSON! I LIVE HERE / BUT PERHAPS I SHOULD ASK WHO YOU ARE AS YOU'RE THE INTRUDER HERE!

QUICKLY PROF REID INTRODUCES HIMSELF, AS THE STRANGE MAN TURNS UP THE ARM

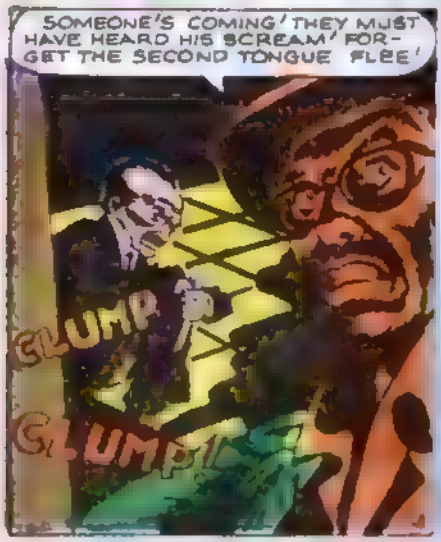
M-MECHANICAL PARTS! BUT I'D HAVE SWORN IT WAS HUMAN... IT EVEN FEELS LIKE SKIN!

IT REPRESENTS PERFECTION IN PLIABLE PLASTIC! ROBOTS ARE MADE HERE! WE HAVE FINALLY FOUND A PLASTIC FORMULA THAT MAKES A COVERING THAT LOOKS LIKE SKIN AND WORKS LIKE MUSCLE! WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE THE.. ALMOST HUMAN ROBOTS?

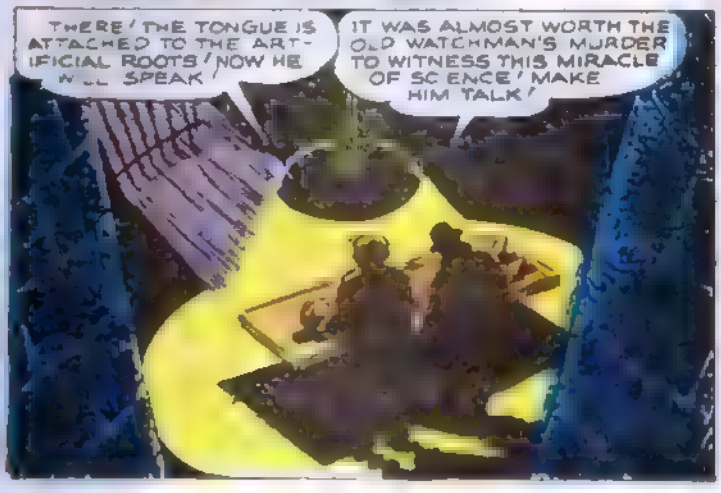


THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING THE FANTASTIC SIGHT OF ALMOST-HUMAN LOOKING MECHANICAL CREATURES AND WHEN JONSON QUESTIONS ONE

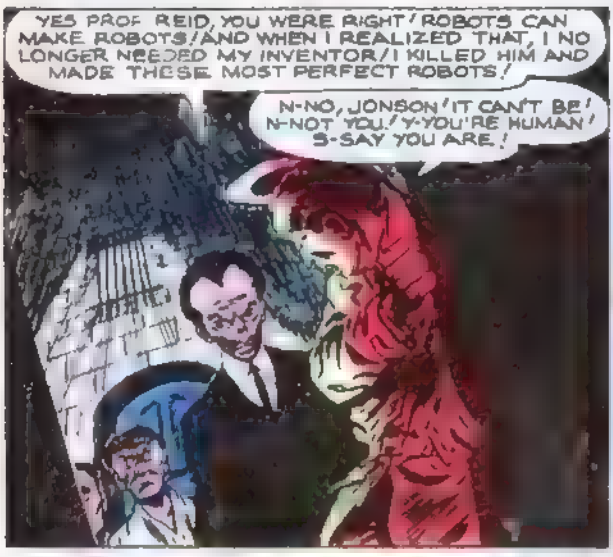
THAT NIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT, PROFESSOR REID AND JONSON ENTER THE MORGUE THROUGH A BACK WINDOW AND MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CHAMBER OF DETER ORATING CORPSES!

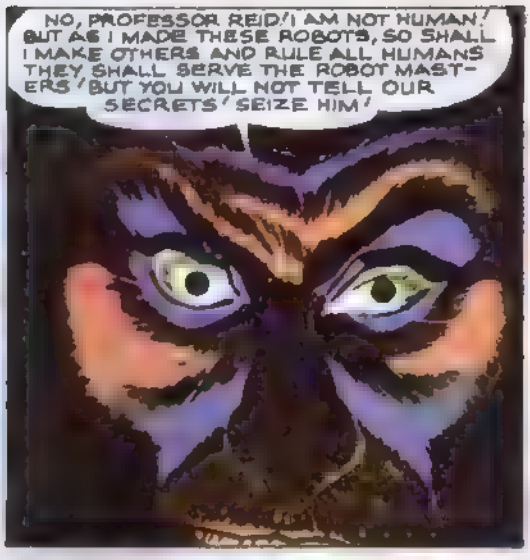


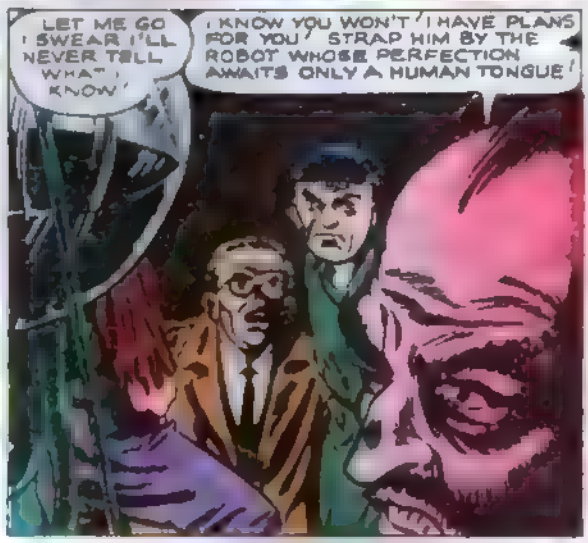
SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, THE MURDERER AND HIS ACCOMPLICE RACE BACK TO THE GRIM CASTLE! THERE, JONSON WORKS BUSILY ON A ROBOT!.



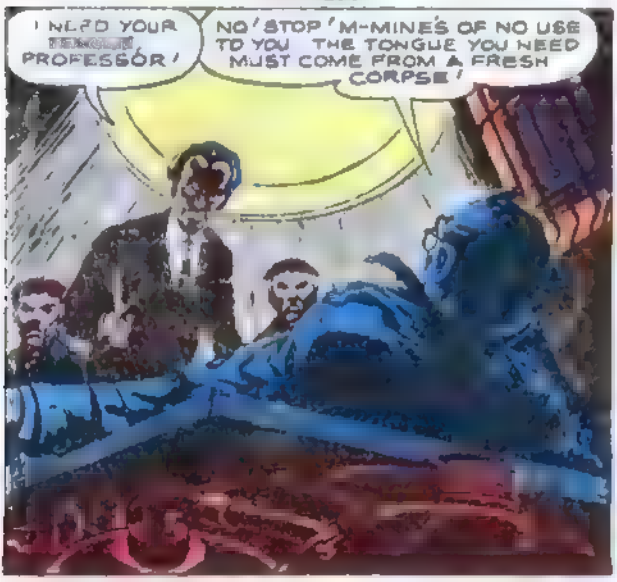
SUDDENLY JOHNSON'S KNIFE SLIPS, EMBEDDING IT'S SHARP BLADE IN HIS ARM! BUT AS HE DRAWS IT FORTH, PROF REID WATCHES WITH SHOCKED HORROR







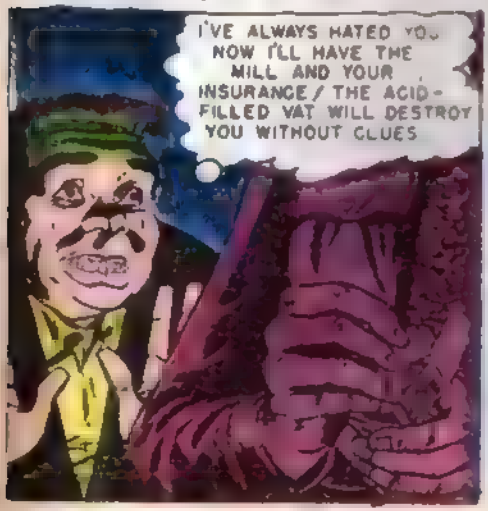
QUICKLY, THE TERRIFIED PROFESSOR IS STRAPPED TO THE TABLE



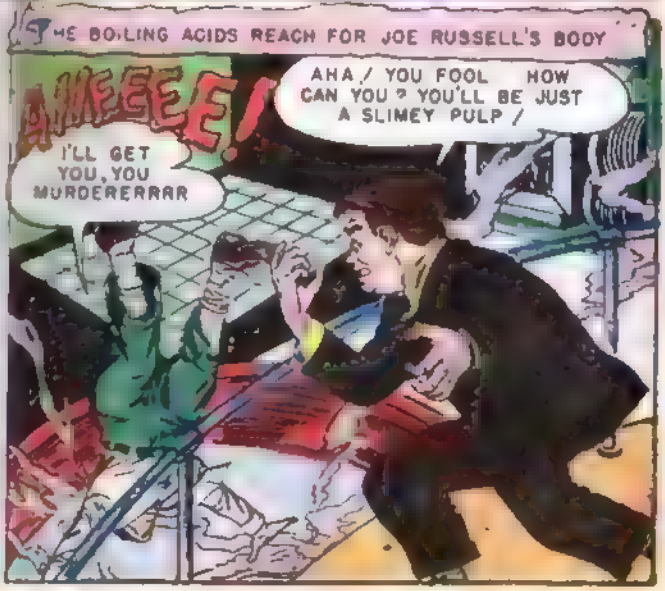
WHEN A MAN IS MURDERED WHAT TERRIBLE SHAPES CAN HE ASSUME IF HE RETURNS FOR REVENGE? NOT ALL PHANTOMS AND GHOSTS ARE MADE OF SOLID SKELETONS OR CLOUD-LIKE ETHER NO SOMETIMES A SPIRIT COMES BACK IN EVEN MORE HORRID FORM, AND EVEN THE BOLDEST KILLER WOULD SHRINK IN TERROR WHEN HE WRESTLES WITH A WRAITH LIKE ...

"THE PAPER GHOST"

ALONE IN A NORTHERN PAPER MILL, HALF OWNER JACK BANTON SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIS PARTNER, JOE RUSSELL

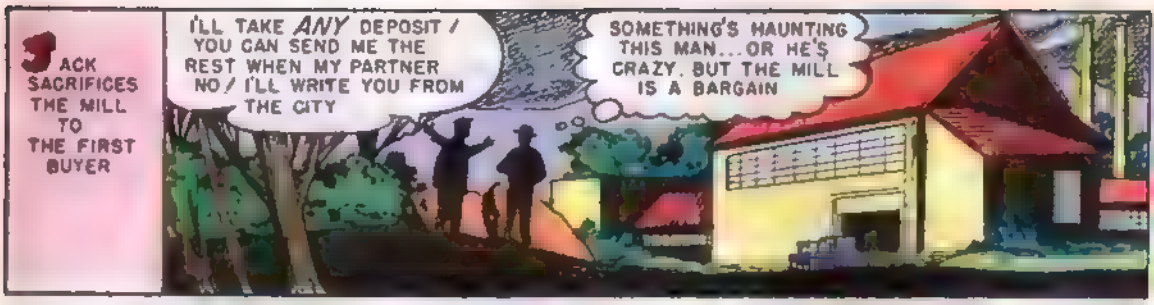


THE BOILING ACIDS REACH FOR JOE RUSSELL'S BODY



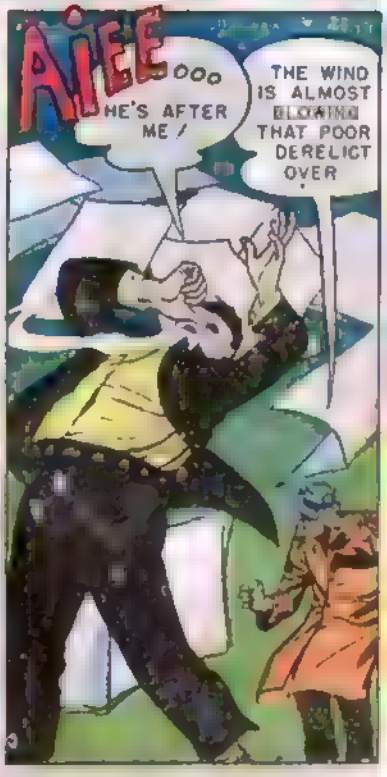
WITHIN SECONDS FLESH AND BONE DISSOLVE INTO THE LIQUID ACID OF THE VAT /
NO ONE KNOWS I HATED YOU AND I'LL ACT SO INNOCENT IF THE POLICE QUESTION ME
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GO ON A THREE-MONTH TRIP AND BY THAT TIME I'LL BE RICH AND FAR AWAY /
FROM OVER THE EDGE OF THE DEATH-KETTLE A STRANGE THING CLAWS THE AIR AROUND JACK BANTON /
WHAT A LAUGH ..HE THOUGHT HE COULD COME BACK / HA-HA-/
AEEEE!
MAYBE THE VAT IS BOILING OVER / THAT CAN'T BE A HAND
FOR HALF A MILE, JACK RUNS THROUGH THE WOODS DRIVEN BY TERROR /
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR BANTON? YOU MEET A BEAR?
OH YES, YES... A BEAR ..THAT'S WHY I RAN.
JUST MY IMAGINATION THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A HAND
2

MR RUSSELL TOOK THE TRAIN INTO TOWN, DIDN'T HE ? FOR HIS VACATION
YES, JOE RUSSELL'S ON A LONG VACATION. HE WORKED HARD TO DESERVE IT.
A PERFECT ALIBI AND I'LL STAY AWAY FROM THAT VAT ...
AFTER THREE DAYS, THE COOL AND ALMOST-SOLID PULP IS GROUND BETWEEN HUGE ROLLERS AND MILES OF PAPER ARE MADE
THAT'S THE LAST OF JOE RUSSELL ..HE CAN'T REACH ME NOW /
SORT OF INTERESTING THEY'LL MAKE HUNDREDS OF PRODUCTS FROM THIS PAPER
SUDDENLY AN INHUMAN SCREAM COMES FROM THE ROLLERS AS THEY JAM
AHEEE

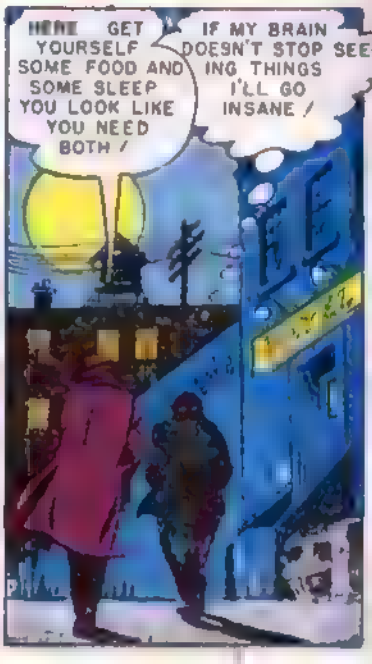

JACK SACRIFICES THE MILL TO THE FIRST BUYER
I'LL TAKE ANY DEPOSIT / YOU CAN SEND ME THE REST WHEN MY PARTNER NO / I'LL WRITE YOU FROM THE CITY
SOMETHING'S HAUNTING THIS MAN... OR HE'S CRAZY. BUT THE MILL IS A BARGAIN

HIS MONEY ALMOST GONE AFTER THREE WEEKS IN THE CITY JACK BANTON PICKS UP A PAPER TO TRY TO FIND A JOB
I CAN'T SLEEP, CAN'T EAT. I'LL TAKE A JOB WITH HEAVY WORK MAYBE I'LL GET TIRED AND REST ALL I DREAM ABOUT ARE THOSE PAPER HANDS

AS JACK READS, TWO LONG, THIN HANDS SEEM TO RISE FROM THE PAPER'S PAGES
MAYBE IF I CAN FIND A JOB... I WON'T GO CRAZY / I ALWAYS IMAGINE I SEE HANDS!


AIEE
OOO HE'S AFTER ME /
THE WIND IS ALMOST BLOWING THAT POOR DERELICT OVER

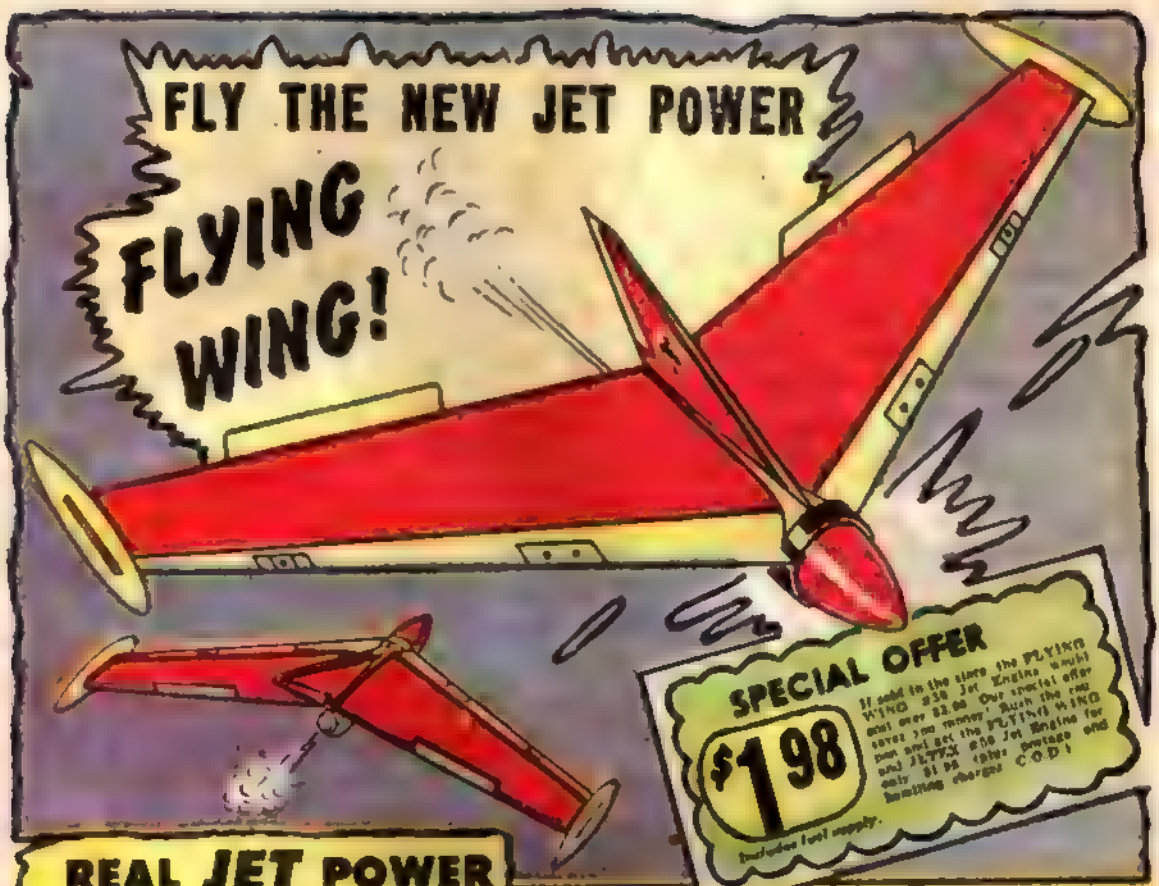
COURAGE, MAN / THAT NEWSPAPER ALMOST TOOK YOUR BREATH AWAY, EH? IT'S WINDY, TODAY.
YES JUST THE WIND, JUST A NEWSPAPER THANK YOU


HERE GET YOURSELF SOME FOOD AND SOME SLEEP YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED BOTH /
IF MY BRAIN DOESN'T STOP SEEING THINGS I'LL GO INSANE /

T THE HOTEL
GET SOME SLEEP IN THIS NICE ROOM JUST HAD IT FRESHLY DECORATED
I'VE GOT TO FORGET PAPER GHOSTS GOT TO
4

THAT NIGHT, AS JACK SLEEPS, ONE WALL OF THE NEWLY-PAPERED ROOM STARTS TO TREMBLE .
OOOHHH
I'M DREAMING IT AGAIN ..OR AM I AWAKE ?
LET ME GO!
YOU DON'T EXIST
YOU CAN'T EXIST!
I TORE IT TO PIECES... I GOT AWAY! HA HA!
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU CRAZY DRUNK! SCRAM!
AT AN ALL-NIGHT CAFETERIA
I GOT AWAY! I'M STILL ALIVE! I NEED A DRINK
FROM THE PAPER CUP A PAPER HAND SHOOTS OUT!
AGGHH!
HIS BODY IS EVEN IN THIS CUP
THAT GUY'S CHOKING ON A DRINK OF WATER!

NUTTY AS A SQUIRREL'S NEST HE JUST KEPT MOANING ABOUT HIS PARTNER'S PAPER HAND /
I'M GOING TO THE POLICE I'LL CONFESS
AT A NEARBY POLICE STATION THE DESK SERGEANT CAN'T UNDERSTAND JACK'S BABBLED STORY OF TERROR
PAPER HANDS PAPER BODIES .. PAPER SKULLS// YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE ME /
I'LL LOCK THIS DRUNK UP FOR THE NIGHT THE POOR STIFF.
TURNKEY / GIVE HIM CELL NO 3/
LED AWAY AND LOCKED UP, JACK GETS ONE FINAL "FAVOR"...
HERE / READ THIS IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP/
NO!! —NOT A NEWSPAPER..
UNSEEN BY THE POLICE.. A TERRIBLE "PAPER" TRAGEDY TAKES PLACE
AGGHH! AHHHH
THAT DRUNK SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GOT A BAD COLD / MAYBE I'D BETTER HELP
AGGHH
WITHIN THE CELL ALL IS SUDDENLY QUIET /
GUESS HE FELL ASLEEP WE'LL GET HIS CRAZY STORY STRAIGHT IN THE MORNING.
BUT IN THE MORNING, THE COLD AND LIFELESS BODY OF JACK BANTON HOLDS WITHIN ITS BRAIN AND TONGUE A MYSTERY THAT SHALL NEVER BE
HE WOUND THE NEWSPAPER AROUND HIS THROAT A SUICIDE, I GUESS BUT HOW
I WONDER LAST NIGHT HE BABBLED ABOUT A PAPER GHOST. I WONDER
THE END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LIFE AFTER DEATH?

THE riddle of life's persistence after apparent death has been a topic of interest to science for centuries. It was only recently that a famed New York physician published his findings on death's schedule, wherein he demonstrated that the human brain can be considered dead only after it has been deprived of its circulation of blood for eight to twelve minutes.

In this connection, an interesting book was written several years ago by a French author named Cordette, who devoted himself to the possibilities of life remaining in a human head after execution upon the guillotine.

It was Cordette's conclusion that a formidable array of facts proved intense agony was experienced in both head and body by the victim of the beheading machine, and that death on the guillotine, rather than being the easiest known, was by far the most painful. The agony endured long after the actual decapitation took place, according to this French writer's theory.

Pursuing the gruesome topic, Cordette brought to light some very curious facts. He related that a certain professor of physiology exposed two severed human heads to a strong light more than a quarter of an hour after the guillotining. Exposed to the glare, the eyelids suddenly closed—as if the eyes themselves were in pain.

Moreover, in each instance the protruding tongue, when pricked by a sharp barb, was drawn back into the mouth and the features themselves were contorted by an obvious expression of hurt.

The head of a notorious criminal named Tiller was submitted to scientific examination shortly after it was severed from the body; and the claim is made that Tiller's eyes turned in every direction from which his name was called!

M. Fontenelle, another French savant, declared publicly that he had often seen the heads of guillotined persons move their lips as if muttering protest against cruel treatment. If this is true, there is good reason to believe a story long current in France to the effect that during the Revolution, when Charlotte Corday was guillotined, her executioner struck her a blow on the face after the decapitation—whereupon her countenance registered violent indignation and the lips formed an oath.

In the book written by Cordette it was stated that some galvanic experiments were conducted upon the body of a guillotined criminal who had, in life, been a habitual user of snuff. On receiving the first galvanic shock, the headless trunk joined its thumb and forefinger and deliberately raised the right arm as if in the customary act of taking a pinch of snuff —and seemed much perplexed at finding no nose to receive the powdered tobacco!

Prize tale of all is the one about Sir Everard Digby who was beheaded in 1606. After the head was struck clean of the body by an axe blow, the executioner used his blade to open his victim's chest and remove the heart, which he held up before the onlookers with the remark: "This is the heart of a traitor."

Thereupon, according to the story, the head—which was resting on the scaffold flooring—showed indignation and opened its mouth to exclaim audibly: "That is a lie!"

THE PHANTOM of the MOOR

BEFORE the reclamation of a large part of the English moors, they were popularly held to be ghost-ridden. One of the more celebrated stories concerns the experience that befell James Taylor, a small shopkeeper.

Business had kept Taylor at work later than usual this particular evening. To save some time, he decided to take a short cut running through a desolate moor. If he hadn't been in a hurry, he'd not have done it. The path was considered by the villagers to be too dangerous after dark.

Passing a brick-kiln, Taylor observed the figure of a rough, sinister-looking man crouching in the shadow of a gateway. Proceeding a few yards, Taylor saw that the man was following him in a manner which could only be described as suspicious, for, disregarding the path, the trailer was dodging stealthily along the heath, from bush to bush, keeping a few yards to Taylor's right.

Convinced that the man was a footpad, Taylor grasped his stick firmly and hurried forward. He approached a small bridge crossing a canal. This, Taylor thought to himself, would be the spot chosen for the attack.

Certain of the correctness of his idea, Taylor halted suddenly and looked back. The footpad had disappeared! Startled, Taylor gazed sharply around in all directions when suddenly there came over him a strange sense of chilliness. A tingling, "pins-and-needles" type of feeling spread over his body, and his teeth chattered.

Taylor's attention now became attracted by a bush some twenty yards to his left behind which there appeared to be a quivering, cloudlike, transparent mist. Gradually this elongated until it assumed the shape of a diaphanous pillar. Transfixed to the spot, Taylor grew colder and colder. Every muscle of his body set hard and rigid. In every limb the tingling sensation was intensified.

More and more definite grew the long cloud until it had assumed the shape of a "transparent" human figure, and had materialized completely into the form of the man who had been following him!

In its hand the figure held a scarf. Suddenly, it commenced walking forward until it was abreast of Taylor. As though compelled by some occult means, Taylor walked alongside the figure for perhaps a hundred yards. There the figure halted, gazed earnestly into the branches of a poplar tree, grew misty again and disappeared. A moment later a loud splash was heard from the nearby canal.

The sound seemed to recall Taylor to his senses and he started homeward once more. A feeling of intense weariness had come upon him, and Taylor found himself muttering, "It was a ghost! A ghost!"

Some days afterward, Taylor discovered records of an inquest which had been held a few years previously on the body of a tramp found dead near the canal bridge. Evidence went on to show that the tramp had been observed by the brickyard watchman to leave the kiln fire at his approach and strike across the moor, winding his way in and out between the bushes until lost to sight. Two hours later, a man and woman proceeding in that direction were horrified to find the body of a man hanging by a "scarf" from the branch of a poplar tree. The man cut down the corpse and handed the knife to his woman companion who threw it into the canal.

Had Taylor seen that tramp? The authorities didn't know, nor did Taylor, and they never did find out.

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ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY OF RIVERVALE STANDS **MERCY HOSPITAL**, WHERE BRILLIANT YOUNG **DR. JOHN RAWSON** IS MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF IN HIS SERVICE TO HUMANITY. SOON, HE HOPES TO MARRY **NURSE MYRA BRANT** AND SET UP HIS OWN PRACTICE. BUT FATE INTERVENES WHEN A TRIBE OF WANDERING GYPSIES PITCHES CAMP IN AN OPEN FIELD ACROSS FROM THE HOSPITAL ...

A SWARTHY MAN ENTERS, BEARING THE INERT FORM OF A BOY IN HIS ARMS ...

MY SON – HE VERY SICK! YOU DO SOMETHING!

CALL DR. RAWSON –

A SHORT WHILE LATER ...

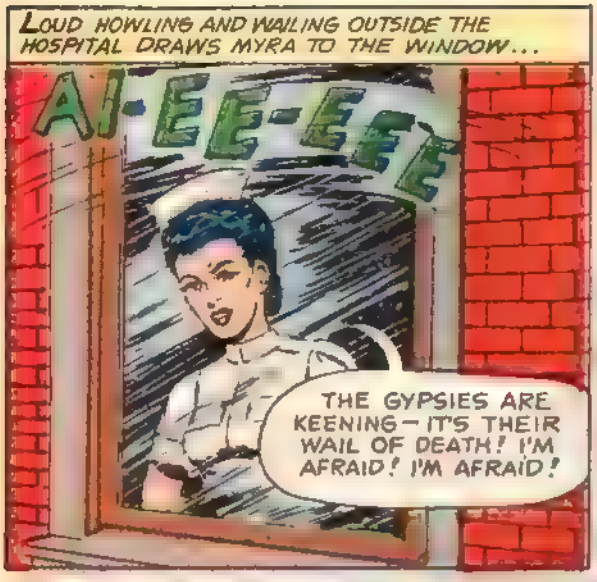
THIS BOY NEEDS A TRANSFUSION AT ONCE. HIS BLOOD IS TYPE 4 AND I AM THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH THAT TYPE. I'LL DONATE THE BLOOD MYSELF.

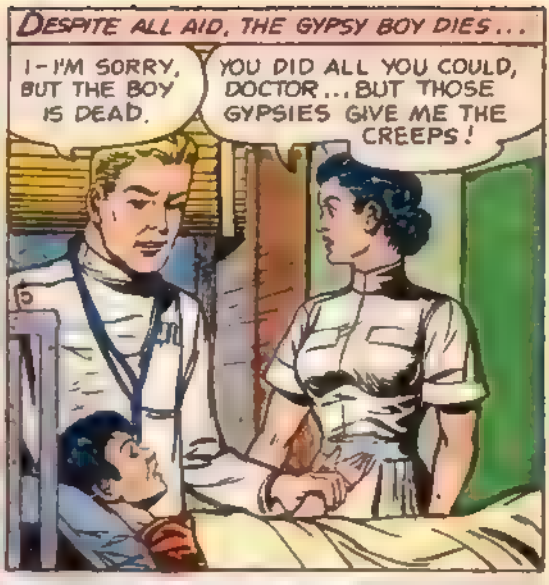
OKAY, DOCTOR RAWSON.

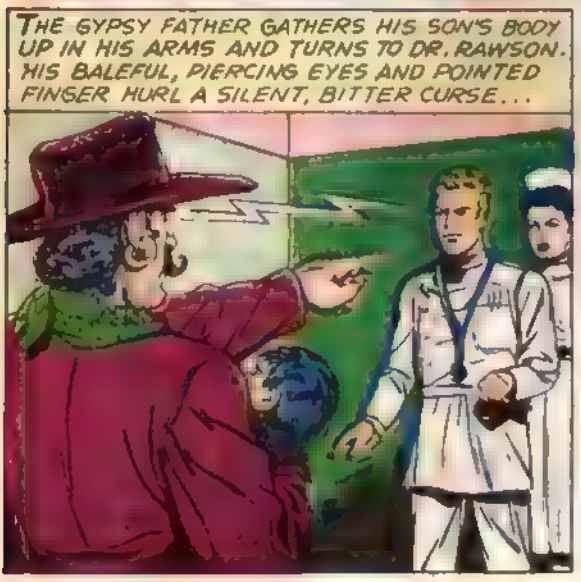
AS RAWSON'S BLOOD FLOWS INTO THE SICK BOY'S VEINS, NURSE MYRA BRANT IS PERTURBED ...

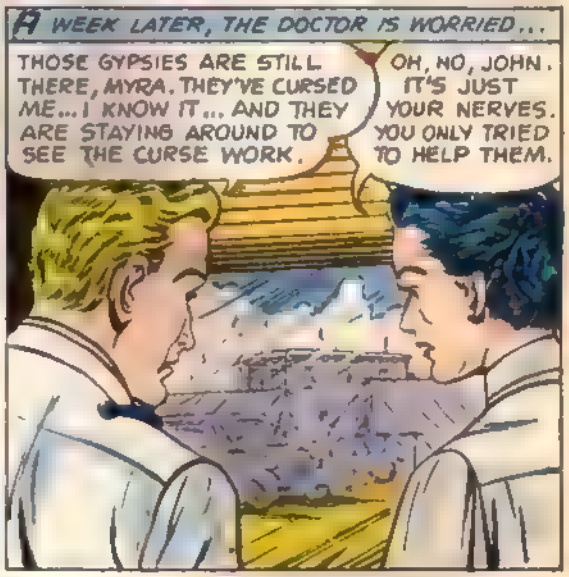
THE GYPSY IS CREATING A COMMOTION OUTSIDE, DOCTOR. HE OBJECTS TO THE BOY GETTING A TRANSFUSION.

DON'T MIND THAT. HIS BOY WILL BE BETTER PRETTY SOON.

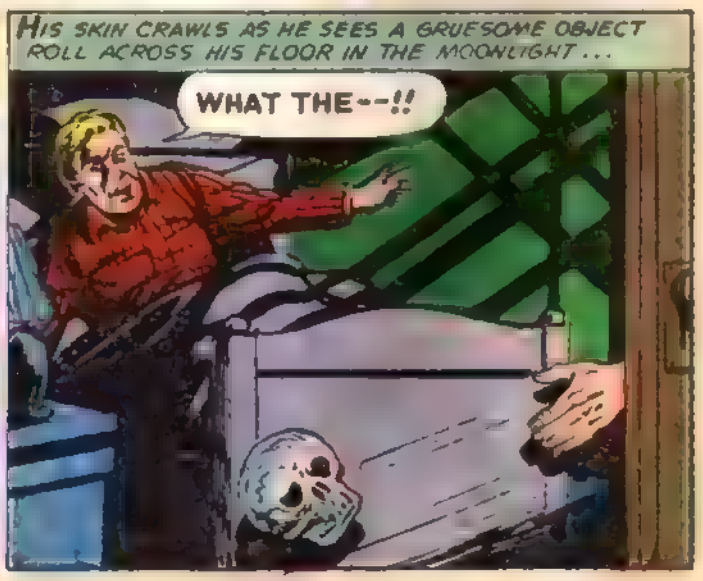

LOUD HOWLING AND WAILING OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL DRAWS MYRA TO THE WINDOW...
AI-EE-EEE
THE GYPSIES ARE KEENING — IT'S THEIR WAIL OF DEATH! I'M AFRAID! I'M AFRAID!


DESPITE ALL AID, THE GYPSY BOY DIES...
I - I'M SORRY, BUT THE BOY IS DEAD.
YOU DID ALL YOU COULD, DOCTOR... BUT THOSE GYPSIES GIVE ME THE CREEPS!


THE GYPSY FATHER GATHERS HIS SON'S BODY UP IN HIS ARMS AND TURNS TO DR. RAWSON. HIS BALEFUL, PIERCING EYES AND POINTED FINGER HURL A SILENT, BITTER CURSE...


A WEEK LATER, THE DOCTOR IS WORRIED...
THOSE GYPSIES ARE STILL THERE, MYRA. THEY'VE CURSED ME... I KNOW IT... AND THEY ARE STAYING AROUND TO SEE THE CURSE WORK.
OH, NO, JOHN. IT'S JUST YOUR NERVES. YOU ONLY TRIED TO HELP THEM.

THAT NIGHT, HAGGARD AND WEARY, DR. RAWSON DOZES FITFULLY. THEN A CREAK AT HIS DOOR WAKES HIM...
WHAT'S THAT?


HIS SKIN CRAWLS AS HE SEES A GRUESOME OBJECT ROLL ACROSS HIS FLOOR IN THE MOONLIGHT...
WHAT THE--!!

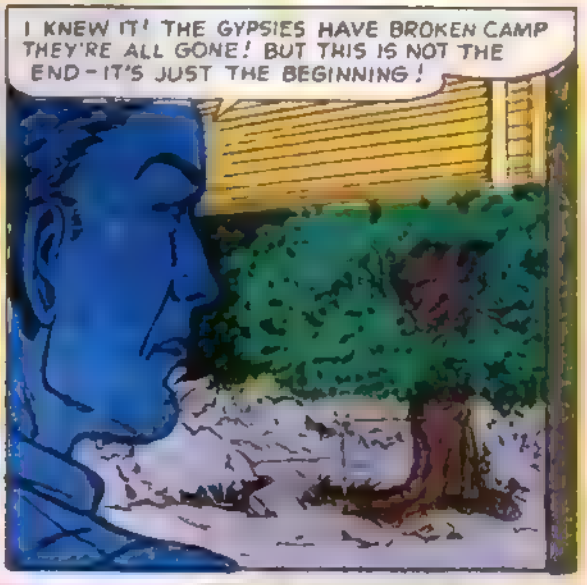
A SKULL--A BOY'S SKULL ...! IT'S THE GYPSY BOY'S SKULL TO REMIND ME OF THE CURSE !!
WHOEVER BROUGHT IT MUST HAVE GONE DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE --
THE NEXT DAY, A GYPSY CRONE IS ADMITTED TO THE HOSPITAL...
SHE'S VERY WEAK --
SEE WHAT DR. RAWSON SAYS --
THE STAFF CONSULTS WITH DR. RAWSON...
SIMILAR CONDITION TO THAT GYPSY BOY'S --
--AND TYPE 4 BLOOD IS NEEDED. THAT MEANS I'LL GIVE THE TRANSFUSION AGAIN.
OH, NO, JOHN - NO! DON'T DO IT! THEY CURSED YOU BEFORE. THEY'LL MAKE TROUBLE!
I MUST, MYRA. THE PHYSICIAN'S HYPPOCRATIC OATH BINDS HIM TO HELP ALL IN DISTRESS WITHOUT REGARD FOR HIMSELF.
BOUND BY HIS SENSE OF DUTY, DR. RAWSON DONATES HIS BLOOD TO THE ANCIENT HAG. AS THE TRANSFUSION PROGRESSES, HE SENSES SOMETHING STRANGE ...
THIS DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT-- WHAT'S HAPPENING ?
WHY-WHY-- HER BLOOD IS FLOWING INTO ME ! SHE'S GIVING ME THE TRANSFUSION !!

AFTERWARD, A TRIUMPHANT LOOK SPREADS ACROSS THE OLD CRONE'S FACE . . .
SHE'S MUCH BETTER, DOCTOR.
I DON'T KNOW - I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

LATER, IN RAWSON'S OFFICE...
WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, JOHN? YOU~ YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOURSELF.
LEAVE ME ALONE, MYRA!

HE PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY WHEN SUDDENLY A SHRILL CALL COMES FROM THE CORRIDOR...
DR. RAWSON! DR. RAWSON!!

THE GYPSY WOMAN HAS GONE! DISAPPEARED FROM HER BED - FROM THE BUILDING!.
I HAD A FEELING SHE WOULD. IT'S ALL PART OF THEIR PLAN!


I KNEW IT! THE GYPSIES HAVE BROKEN CAMP THEY'RE ALL GONE! BUT THIS IS NOT THE END - IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING!

THAT NIGHT, MYRA TRIES TO RESTRAIN DR. RAWSON AS HE PUTS ON HIS COAT...
JOHN! YOU CAN'T GO OUT NOW - YOU'RE THE ONLY DOCTOR ON DUTY!
GET AWAY FROM ME!
4

THRUSTING THE GIRL FROM HIM, RAWSON LEAVES THE HOSPITAL ...

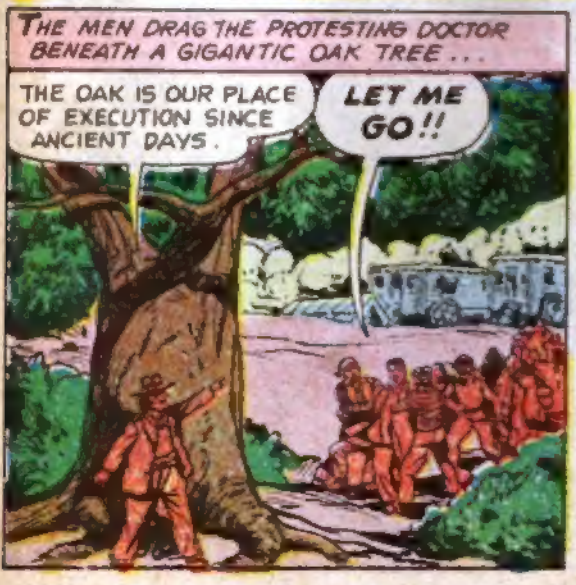
DULLY, STEADILY, HE PLODS ALONG COUNTRY ROADS IN THE DRIVING RAIN ...
THEY CALL -- I CANNOT HELP MYSELF -- I MUST GO -

IN RESPONSE TO THE IMPLACABLE COMMAND, HE REACHES THE GYPSIES DEEP IN THE FOREST...
MY FEET-MY MIND ... ARE NOT MY OWN ANY MORE. I MUST OBEY - I MUST OBEY!

I HAVE COME.
WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU.

WE GAVE YOU ROMANY BLOOD SO THAT YOU WOULD HAVE TO ANSWER OUR CALL - OUR CALL FOR VENGEANCE.
BUT I HAVE DONE NO HARM. I ONLY TRIED TO -

THAT BOY WAS MY ONLY SON, THE HEIR TO MY KINGDOM. YOU POISONED HIS BLOOD AND MADE HIM DIE. TAINTED GYPSY BLOOD ALWAYS MEANS DEATH. YOU SHALL ATONE!
NO! NO!!


THE MEN DRAG THE PROTESTING DOCTOR BENEATH A GIGANTIC OAK TREE ...
THE OAK IS OUR PLACE OF EXECUTION SINCE ANCIENT DAYS.
LET ME GO!!

YOU HAVE SOME OF OUR GYPSY BLOOD IN YOUR BODY, BUT YOU CANNOT KEEP IT. WE ARE GOING TO TAKE IT BACK!
YOU ARE MAD! YOU CANNOT SEPARATE -

WE WILL NOT SEPARATE IT. WE INTEND TO TAKE IT ALL!
AAG-GHH!
AS DAWN APPROACHES, THE GYPSY BAND SILENTLY SLIPS AWAY INTO THE ENVELOPING SHADOWS...
MONTHS LATER, TWO HUNTERS MAKE A GRISLY DISCOVERY BENEATH A TREE...
HEY, JIM - LOOK!
CRIPES! A SKELETON! LOOK AT THAT THING AROUND ITS NECK - LOOKS LIKE A DOCTOR'S STETHOSCOPE -
RIVERVALE STAR
R. RAWSON DISAPPEARS
ABSENCE FROM CITY HOSPITAL STILL A MYSTERY TO STAFF
NEWS
MISSING DOCTOR
EVENING GAZETTE
RAWSON CASE UNSOLVED
NO SIGN OF GYPSY TRIBE AS POLICE PUSH SEARCH
THE END

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW, EASY WAY!

STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices . . . Rubber Sheets . . . Alarms . . .

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the restraining power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases

CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.

CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 21 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.

CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 78 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement retained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation . . . the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms . . . the expense of ruined furniture . . . the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices . . . without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING . . . relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet . . . DRY-TABS . . . product of medical research . . . offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight bed stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only $3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 800
7508 Saginaw Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman $3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for $5.50.

Name _____

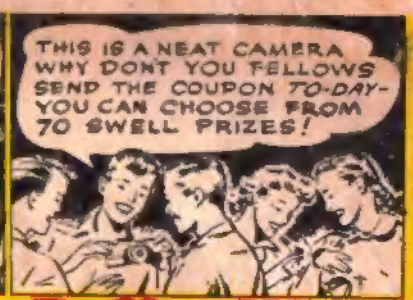
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

GET PRIZES...MAKE MONEY!

That's right, I want to give you your choice of a walkie talkie, an archery set or the wonderful new golden trumpet, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 20-page catalog. Many of these prizes are given for selling just one order of 24 packs of Christmas Cards at 25c a pack.

NEW, GOLDEN TRUMPET. GIVEN FOR SELLING ONE ORDER.



"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn PRIZES and extra cash for 35 years.

I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

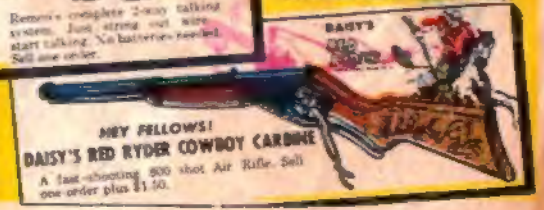
Just for Selling Christmas Cards to your Family, Friends and Neighbors

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

It's easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each Pack contains 4 Christmas Cards, 4 envelopes and 32 sparkling Christmas Seals—40 pieces for 25c—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book. Or, keep $2.00 in cash for each 24-pack order you sell.

Thousands of smart boys and girls have been earning prizes this way for 35 years. You can, too! Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope. *SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU.*

American Specialty Co.,
Dept. 301, Lancaster, Pa.



MAIL THIS COUPON . . . SELL XMAS CARDS AND EARN PRIZES LIKE THESE

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 301, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 24 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25c each, send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____